

in a front yard
a spacious address full of voices glittering and voices
smashing

one soundless morning
a mother shot a father
hushed

then put the gun of quietness
to her own throat
shot herself
silence

until a son came outside
seeing his parents of soundlessness
watching their blood mingle
on the lawn

he reached into his throat
and pulled out his voice box
it screamed in pain
he set it first on his father's chest
wet with hot blood
the son was stooped over
and mute holding his father's head in his lap
watching his voice box vibrate
and howl the nonlanguage
for his father

eardrums bursting at the sound of the voice box
the son then crawled to his mother noiselessly
his mouth round and taking the crying voicebox
from his father
he placed it between his mother's dry breasts
it wept
without seeing

and how the deafmute son sees no vibration
in our throats
no voices for that soundless morning

-Kimberly Campanello